My Heart Yearns Just The Same

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My Heart Yearns Just The Same

by NeuroWriter14

Summary

Will and Hannibal's relationship has been persistent for a while before Will realizes he's going to face a new, daunting foe: the future.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will stared at the various envelopes in front of him, all unopened, but all large enough to have several sheets of paper, unbent. They were all acceptance letters to various universities across the country. Universities didn't send rejection letters in such large packages. They were scattered across the table in front of him and Will had been staring at them for the better part of two hours since he arrived home. His father would be home soon, and Will knew he should probably do something with the various letters, but he couldn't. He couldn't overcome the severe sense of dread that had settled in his chest when he pulled all of them out of the mailbox at once as he arrived home.

The dread had stayed in his chest from the moment he saw them until now, as he stayed frozen on the couch in his father's office. Will's backpack was near the front door where he always left it, not that he needed it, but he had discarded it rather haphazardly as he struggled to keep the various letters in his arms. Hannibal would notice, he always did. He would know something was wrong before he ever reached his office, expecting to find Will in it finishing his homework.

Will had finished his homework at school, scrambling to do it at lunch and between classes, even completing assignments as he pretended to take notes. Not that he needed to. He could listen to his teachers and do something else at the same time. His grades had always been perfect, which he supposed was the reason for all the packages in front of him. Will's frantic need to finish his homework had absolutely nothing to do with the packages in front of him though. He wasn't thinking about university when he finished his homework or rushed off to his car to try to beat the rush of traffic that inevitably clogged the road as everyone tried to rush home.

He had been thinking about something else entirely.

An anniversary.

Will had a whole evening planned, which originally began with having made dinner before his daddy ever arrived home. But now those plans had come to a screeching halt as his future suddenly seemed to come bearing down on him without warning.

In a way, he knew it was coming. He had applied to several colleges, flew all over the country for interviews, and charmed people over and over in various admissions boards. But all the while, it had felt like a far-off dream. Something that he knew was coming but never felt real. Not until now.

Not until there was the very real possibility that he could be far from his father for extended periods of time. He knew, of course, that he could choose to go to a university closer to his daddy in Baltimore, but Hannibal would never let him chose a school based solely on its proximity to home.

And it was home Will was suddenly so worried about leaving. Not the house itself. Not venturing out and seeing more of the world. Not meeting new people. But his home, his real home.

Hannibal.

Will was so focused on the letters in front of him, he didn't even noticed the front door open and shut and didn't notice his father walking through the house until a familiar weight sat down next to him on the couch. Knowing his father, he had probably stood at the entrance to his office from a moment, trying to gauge Will's mood before he ever entered.

"Are you going to open them, my love?" His daddy asked, reaching to stroke through Will's curls. Will leaned into his hand, his body shifting slightly toward the other.

"No. I already know what they say."

"Then why do you seem so dour?" The question was unnecessary as Will did not doubt that Hannibal knew exactly the reason for his mood. But he asked nonetheless.

Will didn't bother to answer, instead letting the rest of his weight fall into his father's side. Hannibal's hand moved from his hair to wrap around his back, gripping his arm.

"You're upset at the prospect of leaving," Hannibal said, ever the psychiatrist. Yet Will still didn't answer. His silence seemed to be answer enough as his father hummed. "You're upset at the prospect of leaving me."

Will tilted his head back where it was rested on his daddy's shoulder. "Can we not talk about this tonight?" Will asked.

"Darling," His father began but Will shook his head.

"Please." He reached up, cupping the side of his daddy's face. "Please not tonight. This isn't how I wanted tonight to go."

Hannibal reached up, stroking the side of Will's face gently. "We can talk tonight. The anniversary you're so looking forward to celebrating is not until next week."

"Yes but it's in the middle of the week," Will protested, not even questioning how his daddy knew what Will had wanted. Hannibal knew him better than anyone. Of course, he would know what Will was ultimately after, even sometimes before Will knew it.

"We can celebrate next weekend," Hannibal assured.

"Oh, we'll celebrate then too," Will assured back, shoving his worries in the back of his mind and locking them away tightly. The night hadn't started as he planned, but he could improvise.

"Will, darling," His father tried to protest, though he knew it was a losing battle. He couldn't resist Will, couldn't help but give in when Will wanted something. It was what had landed them in this situation in the first place, Will remembered vividly. And it was that vivid memory that led to him wanting to celebrate this weekend and the next.

The anniversary he had been so looking forward to celebrating was their anniversary. The anniversary of their relationship developing into whatever it had been for a few years now.

Will didn't quite have a name for it, but it was certainly not just a father-son relationship. He couldn't think of anyone else whose father was also their lover.

"No more, please," Will whispered, tilting his head toward his father more. "Not tonight. We can talk some other time. Just not tonight. Not about this." Their lips were brushing by the time Will finished speaking.

"As you wish," His father answered, reaching to cup the side of Will's face as Will had done to him.

Will kissed him chastely, pulling away just slightly after a light peck on the lips. As he suspected, Hannibal followed him, keeping them close together. Will shifted himself, pulling his legs up onto the couch so he could straddle his daddy's lap. Hannibal welcomed him willingly, waiting until Will had settled over him to wrap his arms around him. Will's knees were settled next to his father's hips, digging into the couch as he leaned forward. Hannibal met him as he searched for a kiss.

The kiss was deeper this time, more lingering, and it sent shivers down Will's spine. His father's hands seemed to follow the shivers as he petted down Will's back, making him arch slightly. Their kisses deepened still and Will felt his father's tongue flit over his bottom lip.

"Is this what you had in mind, my love?" His daddy asked, his hands gripping Will's hips to encourage the rocking he didn't even know he had begun.

"Partially," Will admitted, his cock stirring in his pants.

"Partially?" His father asked, ducking his head to mouth at Will's neck. "I can taste your arousal already my love. Such an insatiable thing I've cultivated in you." Will whimpered, rocking forward a little more. "So tell me, my darling, what else could you have planned for this night?"

"I-" Will began as his father's fingers kneaded at his hips.

"You?" Hannibal asked, his tongue trailing up Will's throat.

"I can't believe you didn't have something planned before I did."

His father hummed, nipping at his pulse point. "I was curious what you had planned. I could practically hear your gears turning for the last week." His father's teeth sunk into his neck lightly, forcing a gasp from Will's lips as he braced himself on the back of the couch with one hand, using the other to grasp the back of Hannibal's head.

"Daddy," Will whimpered, enjoying the shiver it sent through his father as he did.

Hannibal leaned back and immediately Will caught his lips, kissing him again. He shifted forward a little more on the couch allowing Will to wrap his legs around his waist. It had the benefit of settling them more together as Will sat fully in his father's lap. He could feel his father's cock beginning to stir as well and for a moment, Will entertained the idea of letting his father have his way with him on the couch.

It wouldn't be the first time.

Hannibal had him all over their house. In his bed, in Will's bed, in his office on the couch, bent over his desk, in the various chairs in the study, on the floor, in the kitchen, even in the basement after Will finally discovered it and confessed he knew his father's other secret. Not that Hannibal kept many secrets from him. Will supposed after having started this aspect of their relationship, there wasn't much worse. He knew though that his father was over the moon at Will's immediate acceptance when it came to his darker impulses. He supposed it was to be expected in a way, given Hannibal's hedonism.

It was that very hedonism that was sinking into Will's bones now as he pressed more insistently against his father.

Since the start, things had changed between them, developing into what it was now. Will's room was performative at this point, mostly functioning as storage more than it did a place to sleep. He spent his nights in his daddy's room, asleep in his arms. His father rarely had company over, for parties and such, and that company never stayed the night. And Will had never invited a friend over, not that he had friends who he would truly consider bringing home, except for maybe Bev. But even she wasn't invited over by Will. He didn't know what his classmates thought about his rather reclusive temperament even at a young age but he didn't care. He had what he wanted. Every night he slept in his daddy's arms and every morning he readied himself by his side.

Will's mind began to run around itself, thinking of all the various things they could do when his father pulled back, grasping his chin to catch his attention.

"So?" He asked, this thumb stroking over Will's jaw. "What plans are traipsing around that beautiful mind of yours?"

"I had planned to have dinner ready when you got home," Will said, forcing himself to remember his previous plans. "Though that didn't happen."

"We can make it together," His father answered. "Unless you find it too hard to focus." His hand drifted over Will's chest, toward his now fully erect cock. "Should we deal with this before I risk putting you around sharp objects?" His father palmed over the erection in his pants and Will whined. "Is that a yes?"

Will whimpered, grinding against his father's palm.

"I'm going to need an answer, my love." His daddy said, even as Will continued to grind against his still hand.

He whimpered once more before shaking his head. Hannibal's touch let up immediately and instantly Will wanted it back once again.

"I want-" He began, forcing himself to speak. His father waited patiently as Will gathered his thoughts. "To do something else instead."

He could see his father's intrigue as Will unwound himself from his father, pushing him gently on the shoulder to keep him from standing as Will did.

"Will you let me?" Will asked, not letting his father know exactly what he wanted to do, but hoping he would let him nonetheless.

"Whatever you wish," Hannibal answered, his eyes roaming over Will as he spoke.

Will leaned down for another kiss before slowly sinking onto his knees in front of his father. He watched his father's amber eyes darken for a moment as he realized what Will was after, but he didn't protest. True to his word, he let Will have whatever he wanted, letting Will unbutton his pants and shifting his hips so his cock could be freed from the confines of his clothing. Will's mouth watered at the sight of his father's cock.

Despite how long their relationship had gone on, Will was still a bit shy when it came to taking his father's cock in his mouth. Not that it ever stopped him. He could tell every time what movements, what touches, what noises, drove his father crazy, feeling it as though it was his own pleasure. It made it incredibly easy to draw pleasure from his father, even when he worried he wasn't doing it well enough.

His father was certainly well endowed, something Will had seemingly inherited from him.

Yet nothing ever stopped him from doing what he did now as he grasped his daddy's cock and swallowed him to the root. His gag reflex had been tamed over the years, though he still remembered the first time and how careful Hannibal had been with him even though they'd already made love earlier that same day.

Above him, his daddy moaned, his hand moving into his curls to guide his movements.

As had happened many times before, Will was still struck by the fact that this was his daddy. His *father.* He had *his father's cock* in his mouth and he couldn't help but suck at it like he was a starved man. His own cock ached between his legs, hard and straining in his pants but he focused on his daddy instead. He focused on the taste of pre-come on his tongue and the hardness that stretched his lips. He focused on bobbing his head, taking long, deep sucks as he did; hollowing his cheeks before forcing his head back down to bury his father's cock in the back of his throat once again.

"Good boy," His daddy praised above him, petting through Will's curls. "Such a good boy."

Will whined around his cock, shuddering at the praise.

More than just his father's cock choked him, as emotions rose in his chest and filled his throat.

When they were together, like this or any other way, it was only each other who mattered. His father mattered more to him than anyone in the world and he knew his daddy felt the same. It was why they went through such great lengths to please each other, why Will wanted so desperately to keep his father buried in him somehow, even though he knew they were a part of each other in ways that no other could ever match.

He continued for a moment longer before pulling off Hannibal's cock for a breath, though his hand quickly replaced his mouth to keep stroking. Hannibal's hand moved from his hair to his chin, tilting his head upward. Will strained as Hannibal bent, their lips meeting. When they parted, Will was ready to dip his head again, aiming to take his father back into his mouth but Hannibal had other ideas.

"Come here, my love." Hannibal tugged at him, pulling Will up from the floor and into his lap once again. Will whined but went nonetheless, partially grateful to have something better under his knees. "Later," His father said, answering Will's unspoken protest as he tugged at Will's pants, eventually freeing him as well.

Will nodded, shifting forward to capture his daddy's lips as he grasped his cock once again. They stroked each other in unison, both thrusting slightly into the other's hand. Hannibal's other hand was fisted in his curls, keeping them pressed closely together so every gasp and moan fell on the other's lips.

Will's eyes locked with Hannibal's, watching his eyes darken impossibly more and his lashes flutter. He watched every curve of his lips that flexed his cheeks over his cheekbones, watched every stroke of Will's hand spark pleasure behind his eyes.

"Daddy," Will keened, bucking into his hand.

His actions had the desired effect as soon Hannibal was spilling over his hand. Will continued to stroke him through his orgasm and even a few seconds after before releasing his cock and drawing his hand up slowly, keeping his eyes glued to his father's. He made a show of licking his father's released off his hand, taking care to clean his fingers well.

His father practically snarled, pulling Will closer the moment his fingers left his lips, pressing their lips together no doubt tasting his release on his son's tongue. Will whined again, grasping the hair at the back of his daddy's head as he thrust frantically into his daddy's grip, chasing his own release. Hannibal's hand roamed over his body, falling from his curls to pet over his back and then tugging at the back of his pants. Will's pants strained, drawn too tight from the position and now his father's hand as it slipped inside.

Hannibal's hand cupped his ass, one finger slipping between his cheeks to lightly press at his hole and Will came undone immediately. He coated his father's hand, spilling between them as Hannibal expertly drew his orgasm from him.

Will's orgasm left him shaking in his father's arms with a bevy of emotions threatening to choke him.

He surged forward, pressing his lips insistently against his father's, trying to press every emotion he was feeling into their kiss.

"I love you," Will whispered between kisses. "I love you. I love you. I love you." His arms wrapped around his father's body, pressing them impossibly closer. Hannibal mirrored him, uncaring of the mess on his hand as he did.

"I love you, my darling," He whispered back, chanting it in time with Will's own declarations.

"Never let me go," Will practically begged, shaking apart for a whole other reason now.

"Never," His daddy promised. "Never."

Dinner was no extraordinary affair, though they had indeed made it together. Will had positioned himself so that his leg was draped over his father's while at the table, his head pillowed on his shoulder. Eating was a slow process as each insisted on feeding each other which often meant they'd have to take turns or else run into each other along the way. Hannibal's arm had been looped around Will's back, keeping him close. Both had done the dishes, Will washing while his father dried before Hannibal held his hand out, pulling Will along with him to their bedroom.

They kissed slowly and passionately as they entered the room focused completely on each other even as they tumbled into the room. Will reached up to push the suit jacket off his father's shoulders, ignoring the slight huff the other gave as the jacket slid to the floor. He tugged at the tie next, loosening it so it was easy enough to pull off. Hannibal chose then to reach for the bottom of his shirt, pulling it off his body before Will's hands returned to him, unbuttoning his shirt.

The shirt was quickly discarded as Hannibal pushed down Will's pants. He wasn't able to go far though as Will's hands were on his pants next, unbuttoning them and dropping them as Hannibal had his. They stepped out of the rest of their clothes, before Hannibal hoisted Will in the air, caring him in his arms to their bed.

On the way, Will turned his attention to his daddy's chest, petting through the hair he found there. Hannibal climbed onto the bed, setting Will down gently before lying next to him. Will turned on his side as well, finding his father's lips immediately. Their bare bodies pressed together, not yet aroused but quickly becoming so. Their hands roamed over each other, once again familiarizing themselves with bodies that they knew just as well as their own.

Their kisses stayed slow and passionate, making Will's heart thunder in his ears.

His daddy's hand moved to hook behind his knee, bringing Will's leg over his waist before his hand moved to press against his lower back, keeping him balanced. His other hand was petting through Will's curls softly. Will stroked his arm, following the curves of muscles as he did while his other hand idly stroked over the jut of his daddy's jaw.

"Tell me what you want," His father said softly against his lips. His hips thrust upward slightly, brushing their erect cocks together.

"Wanna ride you," Will muttered between kisses, only parting long enough to utter one word before claiming his father's mouth again.

He felt the other's lips curl against his own before they parted again. "That can be arranged."

No doubt his father felt the shiver that passed through Will's body at the words as he pressed himself closer.

Hannibal chuckled slightly at Will's eagerness. "Patience, my love."

"Please?" Will asked, angling his hips so their cocks could brush again.

He watched his father's resolve waiver for just a moment but ultimately held fast even as batted his eyelashes and pleaded again.

"Patience," His father repeated and Will pouted.

Hannibal kissed the pout from his lips kissing him for so long it made Will's head spin. He had no more pleas as the other pulled away, but that was also partially due to the fact that he had no breath either.

"On your belly," Hannibal murmured against his lips before he pulled away so Will could obey.

He did as he was asked, stretching along the length of the bed as he did. He felt his father shift as well, his hands petting over Will's body once more as he soothed tense muscles. Will moaned slightly when his father worked out a knot he found in Will's back before continuing lower to knead his ass. Will groaned into a pillow as his father's hands moved up his body once again before dragging his hands back down to grip his cheeks once more.

His daddy was still for a moment before Will felt his thumbs hook into his cheeks, spreading them to allow entry for his tongue which quickly pressed against Will's hole. He nearly jumped off the bed before sinking into it just as quickly. His father licked at him insistently, alternating between long, slow strokes of his tongue and quick jabs that pressed into Will's body. When he clearly grew tired of that, he focused on pressing more and more into Will's body. Will had learned quickly that his daddy enjoyed eating him out to the point that Will could come two or three times on his tongue alone.

Like their first time, Will was grateful it was a Friday. He didn't have to worry about waking up in the morning and when he did, he could easily have his daddy again and again and again. So it didn't bother him that his daddy was so intently focused on his current task. Not that Will was actually aware of the time. Days could have passed and he wouldn't know.

His daddy pressed closer, licking into Will more insistently and forcing moan after moan from his body. Pleasure barreled through him at the expert strokes of his father's tongue, finding every sensitive place within him.

There were times, like now, that Hannibal seemed to be singularly focused on eating Will out. It was like he was starving and Will's body was the only source of sustenance around. Will understood that same ravenousness, he had felt it himself.

His body rocked on his father's tongue, taking the appendage deeper when he could.

Hannibal reached up, using the saliva that was already on and in Will to slick the way as he pressed his fingers into Will's body. Will moaned and that moan turned into a high whine as his daddy spread his fingers, licking between them into his body. Will moaned again, gasping into the pillows as his body twitched under his father's efforts.

His daddy's fingers crooked, finding his prostate and forcing yet another whine past Will's lips. He found himself reaching back to grasp his father's hair, needing some part of him to hold onto as his body shook. He was alight with pleasure, every stroke of fingers and tongue shoving him violently toward his release.

"Daddy," Will whined. "Daddy, please."

Hannibal hummed against him and the sound vibrated through Will's very bones. He came after a few more licks of his father's tongue, feeling the other hum once more in satisfaction.

Will was gasping into the sheets and pillows for a moment longer, trying to come back to himself as the aftershocks of his orgasm continued to rock him. His father had only barely let up his efforts, his fingers pumping slower while his tongue slowly licked into him.

Will began to grow oversensitive as his orgasm wore off, but he didn't complain. His daddy liked to push him, to test his endurance, to make certain that Will thoroughly understood who brought him his pleasure and who would bring it again and again and again.

"Daddy," Will moaned, thrashing. "Daddy, please. I need you. Please."

Hannibal continued to torture him for a moment longer before he withdrew his fingers. He stayed licking at Will for a moment longer before he eventually withdrew his tongue. Rather than let Will roll over though, he kept a hand on his lower back as he shifted upward to find the lube. Will's body had stopped shaking by the time Hannibal retrieved it and spread some over his fingers.

He was slow as he prepped Will, not letting him slip back into oversensitivity, but making certain he was ready to take something larger than fingers and tongue. For a moment, as Will found himself rocking back on his daddy's fingers, he almost wished his father would slip into him. He wanted him to pin Will to the bed, to press against him, to mount him and claim him until Will pulsed another release onto the already ruined sheets. He wanted to be so completely owned by his daddy that he felt it in his sleep.

He had done it before. Will distinctly remembering holding himself up on his hands and knees while his daddy gripped his hips, thrusting into his body with such force that the headboard banged against the wall with the movements. Still though, no matter how rough his daddy had him, it was never done with anything but love. He was still making love to Will no matter what. No matter how sore Will was the next day, no matter how much Will begged for more, it was always making love.

His daddy didn't have him like that though, true to his word earlier. When he was satisfied that Will was prepared enough, he moved away, settling himself against the headboard and rearranging the pillows to prop himself up. Will forced himself off the bed until he straddled his daddy once again.

"Hello, my love," His father greeted as Will settled over him.

"Hi, Daddy," Will breathed in response, before pressing forward to steal a kiss.

Then he braced himself on his father's shoulders while Hannibal guided him down onto his cock. Will moaned, going slowly to feel every inch as his body sank until his ass was flush against the other's thighs.

Will moaned, his eyelashes fluttering.

"Is this what you wanted?" His daddy asked, his hands moving to grasp Will's hips.

"Yes," Will whispered, raising himself slightly to drop again. "I just wanted you, Daddy. Always you. Only you."

"You say such sweet things, my darling," Hannibal whispered back. "You have me. For as long as you want me."

Will leaned forward to wrap his arms around his father's shoulders, pressing their lips close together as he continued the movement of his hips. "And what if I want you forever?"

His daddy's arms moved, one wrapping around his waist and the other moving so he could once again grip Will's curls. "Then I'm yours forever."

Their lips met as Will continued to ride him, only parting when he picked up the pace. His father guided his movements, eventually moving to grip his hips once again. Every move of Will's hips was guided by his daddy's hands, every fall accompanied by a pull that pressed him back onto his father's cock with force. Will's hands had gripped his daddy's shoulders for leverage, likely leaving divots where his nails dug in.

They hadn't bothered to turn off the lights, so Will could see his father's face perfectly as the other drove him down onto his cock. He could see the pleasure behind his eyes, wild and growing worse with every drop of Will's hips. He could see the way his jaw clenched even as moans still slipped past his teeth.

Hannibal pushed himself upright more so he could thrust into Will's body. Will almost felt like a rag doll as his daddy nearly dragged him up and down, not for lack of effort on Will's part. Whine after whine, moan after moan, gasp after gasp, left Will's lips as he and his daddy made love.

"Oh god, Daddy." Will managed, his eyes threatening to roll into the back of his head at his pleasure.

Hannibal drew himself up more to better thrust into Will's body, the slap of skin on skin echoed by the moans escaping from their lips.

Will's head fell back as his father's cock brushed over his prostate over and over with their movements. Hannibal took advantage of his now exposed throat, bringing his lips to it once again before dropping them to his collarbone and biting. Will came then, his eyes flying open

but seeing nothing as his hand gripped his father's hair. This orgasm was worse than the previous two that day, tearing through Will's body so harshly the thought he would fly apart.

His father's arms were what held him together, taking advantage of the fact that Will was practically limp in his arms to thrust into him more. Will dropped his head forward, pressing his forehead against his daddy's as he whined lowly with every thrust.

"Come in me, Daddy," He pleaded.

Hannibal's hips pistoned upward twice more before he pressed himself into Will completely. Will's moans were renewed at the feeling over his father's release coating his insides before Hannibal fell backward with Will against him.

Will was pressed against his father's chest, his head on his shoulder, and his arms wrapped around him. Hannibal's grip was still tight on Will, keeping them close. Will was grateful for it.

They were quiet for a long time, just holding each other before a thought popped up in Will's mind. One intriguing enough to force him to peel his eyes open. Hannibal turned to him as he felt the weight of Will's gaze, their eyes meeting.

Will smiled slightly, amazed as he often was at the man before him. Hannibal's gaze was equally adoring, keeping Will pressed against him as though he was something precious.

"Can I ask you something?" Will asked as he reached up, tracing his father's cheekbone.

Hannibal's head turned to press a kiss to Will's palm before he looked back at him. "Of course. Anything."

"The things you do to me," Will began, suddenly embarrassed. "Would you let me do any of that to you?"

Hannibal smiled at him softly before leaning forward to press a soft kiss on his forehead. "I'd let you do anything you wanted to me."

Hannibal woke the next morning to pleasure barreling through his body. He'd had some vague idea of it in his sleep, but it was nothing compared to waking up with his son's lips wrapped around his cock, as he reached his orgasm. Will looked entirely too pleased with himself as Hannibal's orgasm took him by surprise. Will swallowed every drop, even keeping his mouth on Hannibal's cock for a few moments longer to ride him through the aftershocks of his orgasm before finally pulling off with a pop.

Will grinned up at him as he shifted slightly to fold his arms on Hannibal's abdomen, resting his chin on one and gazing up at him angelically.

"Good morning, Daddy," Will greeted, batting his eyelashes.

"Indeed," Hannibal answered, reaching down to pet through his curls. Will's eyelashes fluttered for a different reason as he pressed into Hannibal's hand. "Come up here," Hannibal

murmured and Will obeyed immediately, crawling up his body to lie on him once more.

Immediately, Hannibal claimed his lips, wasting no time before letting his tongue delve between them, tasting himself on his son's tongue. Will pressed closer insistently as though he was trying to bury himself against Hannibal's body. And perhaps he was.

Hannibal could tell from the moment he first saw Will the day before that something was bothering him, and it didn't take him long to figure out what. More than anything, Will was dreading the possibility of leaving Hannibal and Hannibal was equally dreading the thought of his son being anywhere but with him. He buried that though, for Will's sake. He would let him go if that's what Will wanted. He would accept it, even though he knew it would kill him. He told himself he could possibly live with the fact that Will might no longer want him but want another instead. Someone more suitable. Someone not his own father. But in moments like this, where Will seemed so vehement on keeping himself pressed against Hannibal as though he was his life support, Hannibal knew Will felt the same way he did.

When they finally parted, Will was panting slightly. His eyes were lidded and for a moment, Hannibal wondered what he would do.

His boy had a way of surprising him. Only he could do it. He had certainly proved it over and over.

He never expected to be able to touch Will in such a way, but the morning after he realized Will knew what he was doing as he ground against him, he didn't see regret in his son's eyes. Just acceptance and desire. He certainly never expected to be allowed to enter his son's body, to press into him so intimately and have the feeling of completeness he found only in Will, but Will had surprised him there too, giving him permission repeatedly and emphatically. He could never bring himself to feel guilt at having his son so intimately, especially considering he knew he was the only one to have Will in such a way. Will had lost his virginity to his father and Hannibal was obscenely smug to know that the only person to ever draw those sweet sounds and pleasure from Will's body was him.

Hannibal quite enjoyed taking his son apart, watching the pleasure that swirled behind his ocean-colored eyes. Watching the way his lips parted and the sweet sounds that fell from them. He loved the way Will clung to him, shaking apart as Hannibal pressed against every intimate part of him. He loved the way Will's body sung for him and how tightly he held him. He loved the feeling of pushing himself into Will's body. It was in Will's body he had found religion, and he was determined to worship him in every way possible.

His mind drifted to the night before as he watched Will's body flex over his own. Will seemed to enjoy riding him and Hannibal quite enjoyed being ridden. He enjoyed it even more as his boy's body bowed in his grasp, arching over his arms in pleasure, his face contorted in pleasure as he orgasmed on his father's cock.

As Hannibal's thoughts swirled around Will's pleasure, he began more and more aware of his son's erection pressing insistently against his thigh.

"It seems you have a head start on me," Hannibal said quietly, stroking Will's cheek. "What's to be done about that?"

Will wiggled on top of him, his eyes filled to the brim with arousal. "What do you want to do?"

Hannibal didn't answer verbally but instead tightened his grip on Will so he wouldn't go flying when he rolled them both over quickly, pinning Will to the bed. Will's pupils were blown wide immediately and Hannibal could see his arousal in the bob of his throat.

It didn't take much for Hannibal to draw Will's orgasm from him, tasting his son's pleasure on his tongue.

Will pulled him back up the moment Hannibal was done cleaning the remnants of his orgasm off his cock, their lips meeting and the tastes of them mingling on their tongues. Will was practically purring under him, content and sated as Hannibal's hands roamed over his body.

Will chased him every time he pulled away, and though Hannibal had been moving away for another purpose, he found himself drawn back every time, letting his weight settle once again over his boy as they kissed more and more.

That was until Hannibal heard his stomach rumble and a smirk pulled at his lips.

"Hungry, my love?" He asked, bending himself slightly to press a kiss to Will's bare abdomen.

"A bit," Will admitted, shivering at Hannibal's kiss.

"We should clean up. Then breakfast." Hannibal murmured before moving on the bed to right himself, grasping his son in his arms as he did.

Will continued to press against him, even as he readied the bath and drew them both into it. He had grown used to feeling his son's weight against him, especially in the tub as Will usually insisted on resting on him for a while until the water began to cool. Hannibal was always content to indulge him, especially considering he always saw the content look on Will's face as they sat together.

Will hadn't had a nightmare for a while now and the dark circles under his eyes had lessened. He seemed more content than he ever had. His mind had quieted and Hannibal knew it was partially because he had anchored himself to Hannibal. Without him, Will was floating, untethered, and open to the entire world. It wasn't that way now. He was anchored, tethered, and steady enough that he could encounter the world without it berating him and branding itself onto his psyche. Hannibal wondered, time and time again, what would happen if he embraced the darker parts of himself, the same darkness that lingered within Hannibal. Will's darkness was exactly like his own, they were alike. But he was content to wait until Will was ready to embrace that part of himself without Hannibal pushing him.

Will's head shifted so he could press himself against Hannibal's throat, burying himself under his chin. Hannibal's hand stroked down his body in the water, feeling every muscle that relaxed with the stroke of his hand.

Eventually, he began to clean Will, with his son mimicking him. When they were clean and dry, he pressed a kiss to his son's lips before finding a clean pair of sleep pants. He made his way to the kitchen while Will pulled on briefs and a t-shirt before following him.

He had already begun breakfast by the time Will stepped into the kitchen. Hannibal was hovering over the stove, carefully cooking the sausage that he would soon add to eggs for their breakfast. He didn't need to look when Will entered, he knew he was there, but he was all too amused at the press of Will against his back. Will's arms looped around him as his face pressed against his back, just below his neck. Will was still just slightly shorter than him, but he seemed to enjoy it since it meant he could tuck himself against Hannibal without needing to bend awkwardly.

The press of Will against his back had his mind going in different directions, though, as he thought back to Will's question the night before.

To say he had pondered such things before was an understatement. He had often wondered if there were nights in which his son would have preferred to switch. If he would have preferred to enter Hannibal's body as Hannibal had done to him countless times before. He wondered if Will would enjoy it, would take control. Or would he still want his father to guide him? Would he follow his daddy's instructions or would he take over for himself, claiming Hannibal in a way he had yet to do?

Will's face was still pressed against his back as Hannibal began to imagine him positioned like this for a different reason. He imagined Will would press against him as he did when Hannibal was the one to penetrate him. He imagined Will's weight over him, all too familiar, but foreign too in a new way.

His cock twitched in interest, and it was enough to bring Hannibal out of his fantasies. Will certainly brought out the hedonism within him. Though it helped that he wasn't actually that much older than Will.

He had been 20 when Will came into his life. He hadn't even realized what happened until one day there was a knock on his door and an infant on his doorstep with a birth certificate pinned to the child's clothes. Hannibal had fallen in love with him instantly as he cradled the infant in his arms. He hadn't expected to be a father, but he took to it instantly. He changed professions at the earliest possible moment, going from surgery to psychiatry which had hours that better fit the schedule of a child. As Will grew up, it was easier to extend his hours to see an additional patient each day since Will could handle being home alone for a little. It was also better paying, not that Hannibal needed the money. But Hannibal made sure Will wanted for nothing. Some would probably call him spoiled, but Hannibal adored doting on his son.

"Smells good," Will muttered against his back before pressing up on his toes to look over Hannibal's shoulder. Hannibal turned his head to meet his son's gaze, their lips brushing briefly before Will pulled back. "I'll set the table."

"Good boy," Hannibal praised and Will preened.

Soon, Hannibal was plating their breakfast and Will was pressed against him once again at the table. Sometimes, Will would climb into his lap, especially on the days Hannibal insisted on feeding him. It satisfied a very specific urge within him as he fed Will, making certain he was nourished in every way possible. They only ever ate one meal apart, lunch, and that was only during the week. Every weekend was spent together, eating meals together, and often just existing in the same space as each other. Much like him, Will never seemed to tire of his presence which often meant that they were near each other, even if they were doing separate tasks.

He left Will to clean the dishes as he first, brushed his teeth, and then changed the sheets he hadn't bothered to change the night before. If it had been anyone else in his bed, Hannibal knew he couldn't have bared to sleep on soiled sheets. But he found more and more that Will pushed his boundaries and was often the exception to every rule Hannibal had set out for himself.

Will appeared in their room as Hannibal finished redoing the bed, helping him put the final touches on it.

"What would you like to do today?" Hannibal asked as he smoothed a pillowcase.

Will shrugged, looking down at the bed. "What do you want to do?"

Hannibal studied him for a moment before pulling back the covers. Will's face lit up for a moment as Hannibal accurately guessed what it was that he truly wanted. His son wasted no time climbing into the bed, settling himself as Hannibal climbed in after him.

He only bothered to turn on the tv for background noise, knowing that Will sometimes liked it. When he was younger, it served as a distraction until he fell asleep once again, finally getting the sleep he was denied due to nightmares. Now, it was something different, but Hannibal knew Will liked it nonetheless. He thought it was perhaps because Will's mind, though calmer, would still run rampant in the silence, even if he was existing in silence with Hannibal.

For a long while, Hannibal was content to pet over Will's back while they curled close together. Will seemed to dose in his arms, his eyelashes fluttering shut for several moments before he forced them back open. Hannibal stayed still until his son stretched, pressing the length of himself against his father's body, eyes closed and breathing even.

He wondered how long Will had been awake this morning if he was falling asleep now, though he couldn't help but think that Will so easily slept around him because he was comfortable.

Hannibal took the opportunity to study him a little more, looking closely at every detail he had long since memorized. He knew every inch of Will so much that he could have drawn him in his sleep. Though he certainly did his fair share of it awake. He had drawn Will when he was a child too, as he often drew. It was easier now though after his hands had traced his son's body so intimately, to reproduce every curve and line on paper.

He eventually decided he wanted to draw, shifting Will very carefully off the arm which he was pillowed and onto the bed. His boy whined at his absence but stayed asleep nonetheless. He retrieved his sketch pad and quietly drew a chair up next to the bed. The noise of the tv in the background became mere white noise as he drew the scene in front of him.

Will's curls were splayed across one of the pillows, his lips pouting in his sleep, and his body splayed across the bed. He had only put on briefs and a t-shirt, which was all he usually wore on the weekends anyway. When he was dressed that way. Hannibal could see the curve of his leg under the blanket, making certain to note in his drawing the exact way that the blanket fell over his hips and followed the curve of his limbs.

By the time he was putting the finishing touches on his drawing, Will was blinking awake once again. It had been several hours since he had fallen asleep, and though he never truly looked exhausted anymore, he did look more refreshed than he had that morning. Hannibal again wondered at what was bothering Will to the extent that he wasn't sleeping well and he again thought back to the night before. He thought about Will's pleas to never let him go and Hannibal's promise that he never would.

Will watched him as he put the finishing touches on his drawing, making certain he had the feathering of his son's curls perfectly before he finally lowered the pad.

"You let me sleep for a while," He commented.

"You seemed to need it. And it wasn't as though I didn't get anything out of it." Hannibal turned the pad toward Will to show him his latest recreation of his son.

Will's eyes studied the pad intently, roaming over each detail until he finally looked up at him again. "I always wonder what I look like through your eyes and every time you answer me." Will reached for him then and Hannibal quickly set aside the pad, moving back into the space that had grown cool in his absence.

Will whined as they pressed together, rubbing his face over Hannibal's shoulder before eventually settling again. Hannibal's hand stroked his curls as his son pressed closer still. He turned on his side so they were face to face as Will plastered himself against him. His leg moved to drape over Hannibal's and he shifted his own leg forward between Will's.

Will's head tilted upward and Hannibal knew what he wanted without being asked. He lowered his head, pressing his lips to Will's. His boy reacted immediately, pressing impossibly closer and wrapping an arm around him to grip him tightly.

"Daddy," Will whined, the sound going directly to Hannibal's cock. Will seemed to love to remind him of their relationship to each other to the point that Hannibal couldn't help but think it was arousing to him. It aroused Hannibal too, in a dark way.

Will was *his son.* His only son. A piece of him. A piece that Hannibal had claimed so thoroughly. Will was *his.*

"Daddy," Will whined again, this time against his lips. "I need you." He pressed against Hannibal more insistently. "Please. Please, Daddy. I need you."

Hannibal searched Will's face at his neediness, noting the distinct shine of tears in his eyes. He wondered what Will had dreamed about that had him so rattled, but he was determined to chase it away.

"Make love to me, please." Will continued, unaware that he had already broken his father's resolve with his words. Not that it took much for Hannibal to bend to his son's will.

He rolled them, shoving his thoughts from earlier to the side and pressing himself over Will. He could see what his son needed, could see how desperate he was for their connection on a physical level, that he could risk shoving him into overwhelm by suggesting reversing it. Not yet.

The tears in his beautiful boy's eyes finally fell when Hannibal entered his body and he kissed them away. He found the place within Will he had hollowed out so thoroughly for himself, keeping him filled and finally relaxed as their bodies moved in unison.

He watched the blissed expression on his son's face as Hannibal moved within him, finding his prostate easily. He didn't move far from Will, keeping them pressed close together as he had for Will's first time. Will's cock bobbed between them, smearing pre-come on both their abdomens as Hannibal moved, and though Hannibal longed to touch him, he knew Will wanted to come just from the feeling of Hannibal's own cock buried in him.

"Daddy," Will whined again, this time his voice high from pleasure.

"Yes, beloved?"

"I love you, Daddy," Will sighed, wrapping himself around Hannibal.

"I love you too, my darling."

When Will came there was only one word on his lips.

"Daddy."

Hannibal guided Will's hand as they made dinner, feeling the weight of his son's body against him all the while. Will had been cooking for years under Hannibal's guidance and truthfully didn't need his father to watch over him the whole time. But both enjoyed it when he did, and Hannibal wouldn't have had it any other way on such a night. Will's movements were fluid under his guide and once again, Hannibal wondered what he would be like when their positions were reversed.

He thought back to the last time he had been penetrated which had been several years. Hannibal hadn't had a partner the entire time Will had been in his life until Will himself. The last time he'd had sex before Will appeared in his life was the same night that Will was conceived. It had been some years that he had been so intimate with another person before Will crawled into his bed and it was for the same reason Will was his only lover now. He was focused completely and entirely on his son. No one else mattered.

"What are you thinking about?" Will asked as they plated their meal.

"You," Hannibal answered. "Always you."

Will grinned in response, his face flushing just barely. Hannibal quite enjoyed the flush on his cheeks, as it was so rare he saw it anymore.

Hannibal stole a kiss before they left the kitchen, enjoying the way Will pressed into it so eagerly. Always so eager.

When dinner was finished, Hannibal turned to Will once again in the kitchen. "I know on nights we both cook, we both clean, but would you mind doing it alone tonight? I have a surprise for you and I'd like to get it ready while you're cleaning."

"Of course, Daddy." Will agreed immediately, only demanding a kiss before he set to the dishes.

Hannibal watched him for a moment, adoring his beautiful boy, before eventually retreating from the kitchen.

In truth, the surprise he had for Will was himself. On another night, when it wasn't Will's first time in such a position, he would let Will ready him. But for this, he was content to ready himself. He knew it would be overwhelming enough for Will as it was. So, he prepared himself, working himself open as best he could as he heard the clatter of dishes in the kitchen. He wasn't exactly gentle with himself, not that he needed to be. He had done this before and he could tolerate even a little pain as long it was Will's doing. He knew he wasn't satisfactorily prepping himself, he could only do so much with the angle he was at and it didn't account for depth. Like him, Will was well endowed.

It sent a shiver through Hannibal to think of his son penetrating his body. He wanted to feel him. To be full of his son's cock.

He had barely settled himself on the bed when Will entered their room.

His ocean-colored eyes widened at the sight before him and Hannibal watched his tongue dart out to wet pink lips.

Will undressed quickly and Hannibal watched him climb over the bed and into his arms. His boy kissed him eagerly, passionately, hungrily.

"Are you my surprise, Daddy?" His son asked between kisses, only pulling far enough away to say a word then pressing back against his lips once again.

"Yes," Hannibal breathed in response. "As long as you'll have me."

Will squirmed on top of him, pressing closer. "I want you, Daddy. Always. Need you."

He could feel the press of his son's cock against his thigh, erect and leaking already. Will claimed his mouth thoroughly, their tongues tangling and stealing the very breath from Hannibal's lungs.

After a while, his son tried to climb over him, aiming to straddle him as he had done so many times before, but Hannibal denied him. His whine was almost enough to break Hannibal's resolve as he tried once again to straddle him, hoping to encourage the press of Hannibal's cock. He knew what Will was after. He wanted to ride him again.

"Will, my love," Hannibal soothed as his son pressed insistently against him. "Trust me."

"I trust you," Will answered immediately. "But I want-"

"Shh," Hannibal soothed again, stroking his cheek and pressing another kiss to kiss-swollen lips. "I told you I have a surprise for you."

"What is it?" Will asked pulling back to look at him more. "I thought it was you."

"It is," Hannibal confirmed before shifting them so instead he wasn't settled between Will's legs, but rather his boy was settled between his.

He watched Will's eyes widen again, first with understanding and then with hunger as he realized the position he was now in.

"Oh," He said, looking between them.

"Do you want this?" Hannibal asked, smoothing over Will's curls.

"Yes," Will breathed, his voice suddenly very thick with lust.

Will's hand moved from where it was rested on his shoulder to trail over his body, curling in the hair on his chest, before sliding downward more. His fingers wrapped around Hannibal's cock, giving him several cursory pumps before continuing lower. Butterflies flitted in Hannibal's stomach for a moment as his son's hand moved lower, their eyes locked as Will's fingers pressed against his wet hole.

"Oh," Will said again before carefully slipping a finger inside Hannibal.

He couldn't stop the moan that echoed from his throat at the feeling.

"Daddy," Will breathed, withdrawing one finger to add another and then a third when it became clear that Hannibal could take it. "I want to make love to you, Daddy."

"Then do it," Hannibal encouraged.

Will pushed himself upright more, his eyes still locked with Hannibal's as he searched blindly for the lube. Hannibal watched with no shortage of arousal as his son poured lube on his cock, stroking himself twice as he spread it. He shifted himself to make it easier for Will, watching as his boy's lips opened just barely in desire. He moved up the bed more so he could press himself against Hannibal, his cock rubbing against Hannibal's hole once, twice, three times.

He could see Will beginning to shake, so he reached for him, hoping to hold him steady as he entered him.

Will pushed into him slowly, crying out like he was scared as he did.

Hannibal echoed him with a moan, suddenly feeling more complete than he ever had as his son entered his body.

Will very nearly came the moment he was fully buried in his father's body. He couldn't describe it, the feeling of being inside his father in such a way. His father had been inside him, he'd had Will's cock in his mouth, Will had his father's cock in his mouth, but it was nothing compared to the exquisite feeling of burying himself in his daddy now.

He felt his father's body clench around him, holding him tightly. Will sobbed at the feeling, folding himself against Hannibal in a desperate need to be held even more.

In truth, the night before it had only been a fleeting thought when he asked his daddy if he would ever consider reversing their positions. He was more curious if his father would ever allow it. He would have been content if he didn't. But he hadn't expected that it would be less than 24 hours later and he would be buried in his father's body. He had often thought that his father belonged in his body, that their joining was destined. Now, he couldn't help but think that the reverse was true as well. His father belonged in him, and he belonged in his father just the same.

He was shaking as he adjusted to the velvety feeling of being inside his father. Hannibal was petting over his back as he acclimated himself, whispering what Will knew were sweet nothings to him, but he couldn't comprehend it. He was choked on emotion and overwhelmed by the feeling around his cock.

For a moment, he wished his daddy was over him, that he was riding him as Will had done him because he didn't know if he could force himself to move. But he also knew Hannibal had planned it this way on purpose. He was giving Will control to go at his own pace.

Hannibal's legs were pulled up to his hips, making it easier for Will to move when he gave an experimental thrust. Below him, his father moaned and the sound served to encourage his movements.

He pushed himself up, bracing himself with one hand at his father's side and using the other to wrap around his leg.

He pulled back again, thrusting into Hannibal's body and again forcing a moan from his father's throat.

"Good boy," Hannibal praised making Will whimper slightly.

Will knew he wouldn't be able to last long, buried in his daddy as he was, but he would make what restraint he had count.

"Tell me what to do," He whispered as he pulled back again and thrust back in.

"Do you want to do," Hannibal encouraged.

Will shuddered. What he wanted to do was repeatedly, harshly, bury himself in his daddy's body. He wanted to use the same punishing pace he had begged his daddy for in their harsher moments. He wanted to make love to him, to come inside him and claim his daddy the same way his daddy had claimed him.

His father could see it, he knew he could, as he bucked his hips to encourage Will's movements.

Will had still been slowly thrusting into his body but eventually, he leaned back, trying to find a good position for leverage.

Amber eyes that looked nearly red in the evening light watched him as he drew back again but this time thrust forward harshly. His daddy let out a choked moan, his mouth falling open.

"Good boy," Hannibal praised again and then again when Will repeated the movement.

Will forced his orgasm down, gritting his teeth against it. He couldn't come, not yet. Not until he had what he wanted.

He sped up his thrusts, forcing his hips to snap back and forth. The faster he moved, the more Hannibal's body reacted. Will forced himself faster, burying himself in his daddy so quickly that he barely noticed the absence when he pulled back. He only noticed the way his father's body sucked him back in when he thrust forward, keeping him close like an eager hug. He couldn't help but think he did the same thing.

His movements rocked his father's body, making his hair and body bounce as Will used up all the sexual frustration and other frustration that had ever been built up in his body.

"Like this, Daddy?" He managed, forcing the word through his teeth.

"Yes," Hannibal hissed, his head rolling back for a moment. His mouth was agape, moan after moan falling from his lips as he guided Will's movements. He was bent in half with Will holding onto one leg for leverage. The other had fallen off to the side and Will could see it flexing with every thrust. "Just like that, my good boy. My beautiful boy. Just like that."

The words only served to drive Will crazy. He used his grip on Hannibal to pull his body into Will's, much like how Hannibal did whenever Will rode him.

"Daddy," Will whimpered, nearly shaking at the feeling over his hips hitting his father's ass over and over. "Daddy, I'm gonna come."

Hannibal moaned at his statement, guiding Will's movements even more.

"Good boy, come for Daddy. Come in me."

Will nearly screamed as he drove himself into Hannibal, stilling only to spill in him. His daddy's body clenched around him, making the aftershocks of his orgasm even more intense as his release pooled within his father, claiming him the same way his father had claimed him.

He collapsed on his father, searching for his lips desperately. Hannibal was equally as eager, practically devouring him with heated, heavy kisses.

"Need you in me," Will pleaded around sobs. "Need you to come in me. Please, Daddy. Please. Please."

Hannibal's lips never left his own as Will pulled out of him. They shifted as best they could so Will was over him once again. Hannibal readied him quickly, not taking time to drag out Will's pleasure as he normally did. Will was still sobbing over him, overwhelmed and desperate, before his daddy pushed into him, staving off some of the overwhelm. Will didn't have a chance to move as Hannibal was guiding him, immediately thrusting into his body with rough, loud slaps of skin on skin.

Will cried out again as his daddy came in him, his whole body falling on top of Hannibal's.

He couldn't stop whimpering and shaking as both of them breathed heavily, clinging to one another. They had made a mess between them but neither cared. They had only barely regained their breath when they were stealing it from one another again with rough, passionate, demanding kisses. Hannibal's grip on him was so tight it might have been crushing if it wasn't exactly what Will wanted. In turn, he wrapped himself around his father as much as he could, holding him close.

"Need you to make love to me again, Daddy," Will whispered between kisses. "Need you."

Need you. Need you. Need you.

The words repeated over and over again in Will's mind like a mantra and didn't stop until they had both come again, staining each other and the sheets even further.

When his body was thoroughly worn out and the sun had set, Will was curled against his daddy, still feeling the after-effects of their lovemaking in his movements.

"Will," Hannibal said quietly.

"Hmm?" Will answered, peeling an eye open with Herculean effort.

"About university," His daddy began and Will immediately protested.

"No." He pressed closer to Hannibal, frantic. "No. I don't want to talk about that. I don't want to talk about leaving you."

"That's just the thing, my love," His father soothed. "It doesn't have to be that way."

"What do you mean?" Will asked, peering up at him through his lashes in the darkness.

"You don't have to leave me. Pick any university, wherever you want, and if you want, I can come with you."

Will's mind came to a screeching halt as he perked up immediately. "You would do that?" He shifted to better look at his father. "You would leave everything behind for me?"

"I would do anything for you, Will. I love nothing more than I love you."

Will's heart sang with joy as he pressed closer to his daddy, kissing him. "I love you too, Daddy."

He settled against his father, feeling overjoyed as his daddy's hand roamed over his back.

"Depending on where you choose, I could use a change of scenery," Hannibal continued. "As long as you're in it."

"And then what?" Will asked. "What about after I finish university?"

"Whatever you want," Hannibal answered.

"What if I want is to go somewhere no one knows us, so we can be together?"

His daddy's fingers hooked under his chin to force his head up so their eyes could meet again. "Whatever you want." He repeated. "Anything for you, Will."

End Notes

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